

Here is a song, which doth belong

William Billings

Text: attr. John Peck

West-Sudbury

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Here is a song, which doth be - long To all the hu - man race, Con -
No hu - man pow'r can stop the hour Where - in a mor - tal dies; A
Though you re - quire the best at - tire, Ap - pear - ing fine and fair, Yet

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cern - ing death, who steals the breath, And blasts the come - ly face. Come, lis - ten all un -
Cae - sar may be great to - day, Yet death may close his eyes. Though some do strive and
death will come in - to the room, And strip you of them there. For prin - ces high and

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to the call, Which I do make to - day, For you must die, as well as I, And
do ar - rive To rich - es and re - nown, En - joy - ing health, and swim in wealth, Yet
beg gars die, And min - gle with the dust; The rich, the brave, the poor - est slave, The

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pass death wic - ked from will ked hence bring and a - way. them down. the just. -way. down. just.

Notes: The alto part is given in the alto clef in the original. The original time signature is retorted time.
The first verse of the text is underlaid in the original, where it is attributed with the heading 'Words from Mr. John Peck'.
Two further verses have here been underlaid editorially: these are verses 3-4 and 6-7 of seven 4-line verses of the text, as given as 'Hymn 123' on pages 175-176 of *A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*, compiled by Paul Himes and Jonathan Wilson (Greenfield, MA: published by Clark & Hunt, 1818).